

FUNERAL — BALTIMORE, MD

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# The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Funeral Train Route

Baltimore, Maryland

April 21, 1865

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Power, John Carroll

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THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT. 129

After leaving Washington there was no stoppage for public demonstrations until the train reached Baltimore, at ten o'clock the same morning. The city, through which Abraham Lincoln, four years before, had hurried in the night, to escape assassination, now received his remains with every possible demonstration of respect. The body was escorted by an immense procession to the rotunda of the Merchants' Exchange, where it was placed upon a gorgeous catafalque and surrounded with flowers. Here it rested for several hours, receiving the silent homage of thousands who thronged the portals of the edifice to take a last look at the features of the illustrious patriot.

Baltimore was then under the control of loyal men, who felt deeply grieved that a plot had been laid there for his destruction when on his way to assume the duties of his office; and they suffered still greater mortification that it was a native of their own city who had plunged the nation into mourning by the horrid crime of assassinating the President. The city added ten thousand dollars to the reward offered for the arrest of the assassin. Those who accompanied the escort the entire journey say that there was no other place where the manifestations of grief were apparently so sincere and unaffected as in the city of Baltimore, although they admit it was hard to make a distinction when all were intent on using every exertion to do honor to the memory of the illustrious statesman.

At three o'clock p. m. the train left the depot, and making a brief stoppage at York, Penn., a beautiful wreath of flowers was placed upon the coffin by the ladies of that city, while a dirge was performed by the band, amid the tolling of bells and the uncovered heads of the multitude. The cortege arrived at Harrisburg at twenty minutes past eight o'clock p. m. By a proclamation of Mayor Roumfort, all business houses and drinking saloons were closed during the stay of the funeral cortege in Harrisburg. Preparations had been



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# ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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HIS

LIFE, PUBLIC SERVICES, DEATH

AND GREAT FUNERAL CORTEGE,

WITH A HISTORY AND DESCRIPTION OF THE

NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT,

By JOHN CARROLL POWER.

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MONUMENTAL EDITION.

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SPRINGFIELD, ILL.:  
EDWIN A. WILSON & CO.  
1875.



# HOMEWARD BOUND... FIRST STOP BALTIMORE

At 6:00 A.M. on the morning of Friday, the twenty-first of April, a small group met once more in the rotunda of the Capitol, and Dr. Gurley said another prayer, beseeching God to "watch over this sleeping dust of our fallen Chief Magistrate," and praying that the Lord "watch over it as it passes from our view and is borne to its final resting place in the soil of that state which was his abiding and chosen home." All present then followed the coffin through a light drizzle to the depot, where the new President was waiting to say his last farewell. The funeral train consisted of nine cars and the engine—plus a pilot engine that would run ahead to make sure there would be no accident—and the actual funeral car that was to hold Lincoln and his son was second from the rear. The engine was heavily draped in black and All brass fittings were highly polished and then craped. There were little flags here and there, covered with black cloth, and a large photograph of Lincoln over the cowcatcher was framed with a wide black border. Three hundred people riding in eight railroad cars—a ninth for their baggage—were to accompany Lincoln on the seventeen hundred-mile trip which had been carefully planned by a committee of Illinois citizens. It was to include every city at which Lincoln as President-elect had stopped on his trip eastward to Washington in February 1861—with the exception of Cincinnati. The officials of Cincinnati expressed themselves as deeply offended by the decision, even though it was explained to them that the diversionary loop south would make the trip too lengthy. In the end the route included Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago, and Springfield, and a delegation from Cincinnati came to the Columbus funeral.

In addition to the numerous Senate and House members, some of the more noteworthy among the men selected to make the journey with the President's body as guests of the government were the two Springfield brothers-in-law, Edwards and Smith, the two Todd first cousins of Mrs. Lincoln, Brigadier-General Edward D. Townsend representing Secretary of War Stanton, Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis representing Secretary of the Navy Welles, Major-General David Hunter, who had been chief of the guard of honor at the funeral, Ward Hill Lamon, Judge David Davis, Dr. Gurley, Dr. Charles Brown, the embalmer, and Thomas Pendel, the tall door-



This engine, decked in black and wearing a picture of Lincoln over

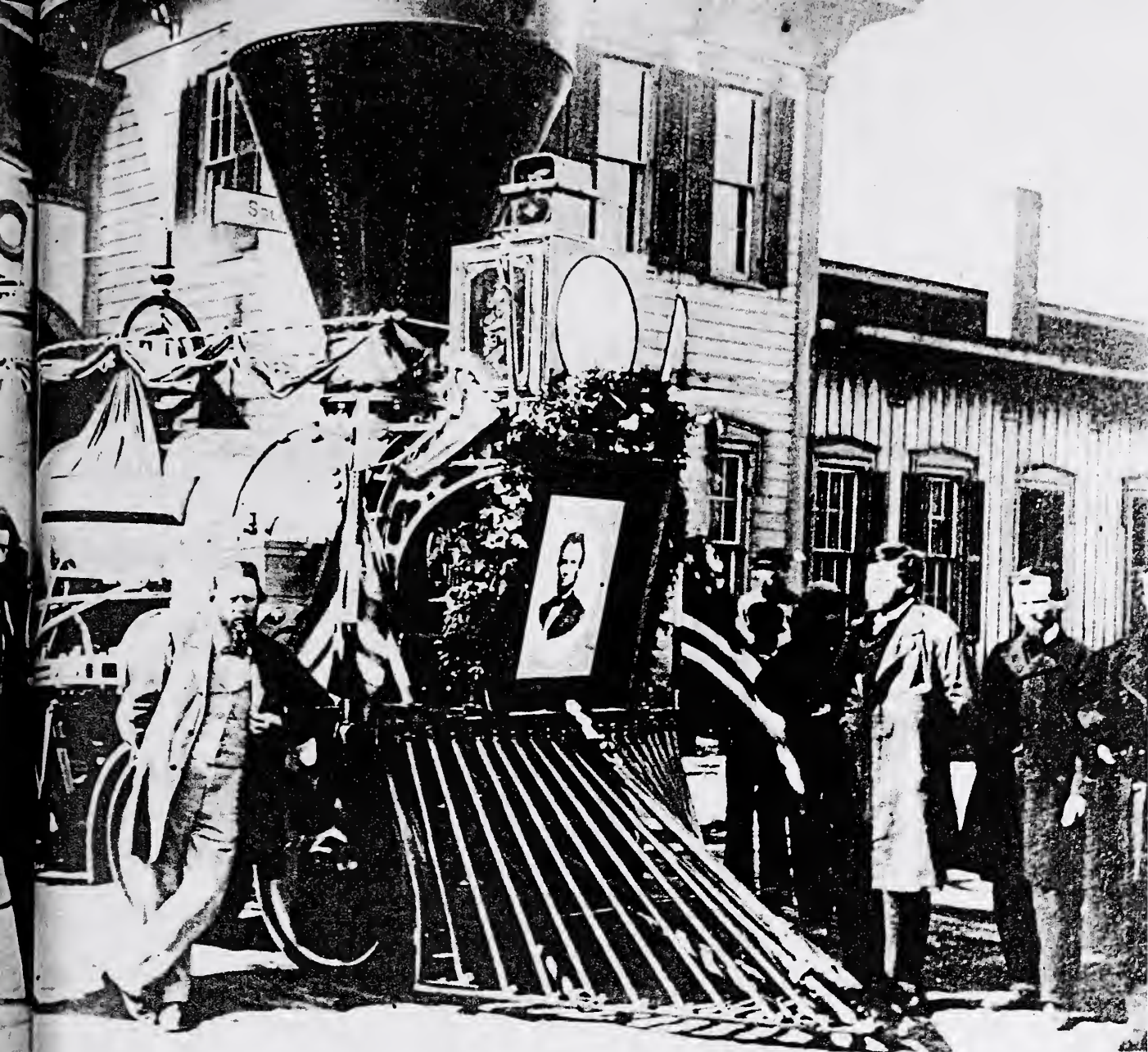
keeper of the White House, who had put Tad to bed on the death night and who, in his build, resembled the President so greatly that when he returned from the funeral Mrs. Lincoln would send him to pose in Lincoln's clothes for a portrait of her husband.

At one minute before eight o'clock Dr. Gurley said the last Washington prayer. All heads were uncovered as bells tolled and the Baltimore & Ohio engine, puffing smoke from its wide-mouthed stack and with its logs of wood for refueling piled up just behind the engineer's cab, moved at a snail's pace out of the depot. A Negro regiment was lined at the track's side, and through the windows, as the train increased its speed, the funeral party saw the motionless repetitive figures at wooden attention, topped by incongruously nonwooden, grief-convulsed features. Good-by, Father Abraham! And for Father Abraham, it was good-by forever to Washington.

First stop Baltimore.

The city fathers of Baltimore had studied the fabulous details of the gigantic procession in the Capital and





its cowcatcher, is one of many that took part in the long funeral trip back to Illinois.

they in turn organized a tremendous undertaking of their own. But, alas, Friday dawned cold and rainy. Whereas it had only been sprinkling in Washington, it was pouring in Baltimore. Still the people gathered in closely packed masses along the procession route during the two hours that the funeral train was traveling toward them at twenty miles an hour. Just before ten o'clock the train arrived. As in Washington, minute guns boomed, church and fire-house bells tolled. The schedule gave Baltimore a scant four hours. The coffin was removed by its Veteran Corps sergeants and brought out into the streets jammed with people, among whom small boys were elbowing their way, doing a brisk business in selling crape and photographs of Lincoln. People seemed to have small change available even though they had been warned to leave their watches and money at home—there would be an army of pick-pockets. Now the coffin was placed in what Baltimore newspapers described as the most beautiful hearse ever constructed. The frame was of genuine rosewood, gilded,

and the back and two sides were of French plate glass three quarters of an inch thick. The thing that Baltimore was most proud of was a new invention. The coffin did not just rest on a hard, unresponsive black platform, it rested on patented elliptic springs, allowing the body to ride with astounding smoothness—not one annoying jolt. The procession of military and civic representations was so enormous that it took three hours to get to the Merchants' Exchange where the coffin was opened for viewing. Ten thousand people looked on Lincoln's face but many thousands more were disappointed, for at two o'clock sharp—there was no arguing—Lincoln had to go.

It was as if the funeral committee had sworn an oath to heaven never to fall a minute behind in their iron-bound cross-country schedule. There was no one to intercede for the long lines of schoolchildren standing patiently in the rain—all the schools had been closed—and they had to be content with a glimpse of the four sleek black horses and, behind glass, the smooth-riding coffin.

# T W E N T Y ★ D A Y S

★★★★★

*The authoritative account  
of Lincoln's assassination,  
the conspiracy & aftermath.*

DOROTHY MESERVE KUNHARDT  
& PHILIP B. KUNHARDT, JR.

FOREWORD BY BRUCE CATTON

★★★★★





